

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

BREWER, McHAIL & CO.,
WHOLESALE Stationers, Publishers of the
National and other

SCHOOL BOOKS,
No. 46, King Street, East Toronto.
B. McH. & Co. beg to call the attention of their
customers, the trade and country dealers generally,
to their large and well assorted Stock of
Stationery.

School Books,
Blank Books,
Writing Papers,
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&c. &c. &c. &c.

Toronto, June 29, 1854. 1y-21

JOHN McNAB,
Barrister and Attorney,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,
[6th St.] Church Street, Toronto.

F. A. WHITNEY & CO.,
Flour Dealers,
Toronto Street, (opposite the Post Office.)

They will either purchase Flour sent to this
place, or will store and sell to buyers for a com-
mission.

Toronto, July 10th, 1854. 23-3m

JOHN T. STOKES,
ARCHITECT AND BUILDER,
SILVER, C. W.

November 12, 1853. 1f-41

DR. J. HACKETT,
Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur,
NEWMARKET, C. W.

Residence, Next door to the Temperance Hotel.
February 6, 1853. 1f-1

J. C. BLISS,
RESPECTFULLY announces to the Public that
he has taken the House of Mr. James Mosely
Aurora, where he will carry on the

TAILORING BUSINESS
in all its branches. He returns thanks for past
favours and solicits a share of public patronage.
December 24, 1852.

MR. NORTH RICHARDSON,
GENERAL AGENT, AND CONVEY-
ANCER, DEBTS COLLECTED,
BOOKS POSTED AND BALANCED
OFFICE at the OLD STAND on the Hill,
Newmarket.

N. B.—Several SUPERIOR FARMS
FOR SALE.
July 30th, 1852.

AGENCY OF THE
CITY BANK MONTREAL,
HOLLAND LANDING.

DISCOUNT DAYS:
TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS,
ARTHUR McMASTER, AGENT
Holland Landing, Nov. 3, 1853. 1y-10

SETH ASHTON,
General Auctioneer
For Whitchurch and Adjoining Townships.

PARTIES desiring to secure his services can
make application either personally or by letter,
(post-paid) to the New Era Office, Newmarket.
Newmarket, May 4, 1854. 6m13

R MOORE,
SOLICITOR, ATTORNEY, CONVEYANCER, &c.
OFFICE—IN THE NEW COURT HOUSE, NEXT TO THE
COUNTY OFFICE, OFFICE,
TORONTO.

Toronto, Feb 17, 1851.

R. C. McMULLEN,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Conveyancer, House,
Land, General Commission, Division Court
Agent, Auctioneer, Broker &c. Secretary and
Treasurer to the Home District Building Soci-
ety, Commissioner and Auctioneer.
Church-st., Toronto, July 5, 1853. 1y-23

JOHN R. JONES,
Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in
CHANCERY, CONVEYANCER, &c. &c. &c.
Office in Elgin Buildings, corner of Yonge
and Adelaide Streets, Toronto. 23 1y

Messrs. FORD & GROVER,
ECLECTIC PHYSICIANS,
NEWMARKET.

KEEP constantly on hand a variety of Medicines,
of their own compound, adapted to the various
diseases incident to the changeable climate in which
we live. Also, the

Celebrated American Oil,
For the cure of Rheumatism, Cancerous Tumors,
Old Sores, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum,
Cuts, Burns, Bruises, &c., together with a general
assortment of approved Patent Medicines. Prompt
attention to all who may favor us with a call.

ADVICE AT THE OFFICE GRATIS.
Newmarket, April 7th, 1854. 1f-9

Newmarket Iron Foundry.

JAMES ALAN begs to return thanks for
past favours, and to intimate that he is pre-
pared to cast STOVES, SUGAR KETTLES,
MACHINE CASTINGS, and other articles
usually required in his line of business.

A number of SUGAR KETTLES,
STOVES, and PLOUGHS, on hand for sale.
Newmarket, February 10th 1854. 1f-1

Millinery! Millinery!
JUST received a splendid and choice variety of
PARIS, AND LONDON FASHIONS of
CAPES, BONNETS, &c.,
at the Millinery Establishment, adjoining the Post
Office.

ELLEN McGUIRE,
Newmarket, May 4, 1854. 13-1

POETRY.

Remembrance of George Farguhar;
Deceased October 1th, 1854, aged 67 years.

BY DAVID WILLIAMS.

I love thee sympathizing strains,
That give my other's griefs to feel;
Like blood they're circling through my veins,
Like cordials, other's griefs to heal.

His eyes brought feelings to my heart,
Obscured in mine; that's dead and gone;
From all in life he had to part;
And put his lasting garments on!

His life doth in my mind arise,
Although a stranger to his home;
His deeds were glorious in mine eyes,
His practice my heart I own.

When I remind his dying day,
The pains and griefs he leaves behind;
I find this service in my way,
To comfort those he leaves behind!

His eyes behold him upward rise,
Like one in Providential care;
For light and truth were in his eyes,
His deeds of life, religious prayer.

His life was like a precious stone,
And formed by heaven's giving hand;
His thoughts were wandering from his home,
He lived like one by God's command.

Oh may his Presbyterian friends,
By far surpass this heart of mine;
And count the blessings heaven sends,
And draw his virtues in a line.

His care was for his church and home,
And spent his days in love and peace;
Oh! that dear George was better known,
And that his virtues may increase!

A SYMPATHIZING HYMN
To the remembrance of George Farguhar—his home
and Presbyterian friends.

With mourning let us join the psalm,
That thoughtful George has left behind;
Where we no more can see his face,
Nor his dear bride his presence find.

Remembrance brings his visage down,
His life's engraving within her breast;
Though her beloved's in the tomb,
She's confident he's gone to rest.

Though tears may fall, and sighs arise,
Yet in his life we comfort find;
And heaven will bless the weeping eyes,
Of her, to whom he's been so kind.

Oh, friends, attend the homesome place!
Not with a heart that's chill'd and cold;
But with the cares of love and grace,
That never, never will grow old!

His eyes hath brought this lesson home—
In him the works of God I see;
His humble life my soul doth own,
His presence, Lord, doth comfort me.

Oh may his church, his name remind,
And may I own his life with me;
That more such virtues I may find—
And all the church with George agree!

LITERATURE.

From Gleason's Drawing-Room Companion.
The Golden Clasp; or the Young Doctor
and his Patients.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER I.

A dark night had settled down over the
village of L—, and a heavy rain was gradu-
ally flooding the streets. Dr. Jacob Toll-
man sat in his snug apartment, half buried in
the cushion of his easy chair, with his slipper-
ed feet resting upon a high stuffed stool, while
his attention seemed equally divided between
a volume of anatomical plates, which he held
in his hand, and the smoke that curled up from
the well-filled grate near him.

"Heigh-ho!" fairly groaned the doctor,
tossing his book upon the table and starting
up from his chair. "What a life is this I now
lead, to be sure. Here I am, six-and-twenty,
with as much business as I can attend to, and
good-looking, too, upon my honor; but what is
all this good for? I haven't anybody to
enjoy life with me—nobody to smile, unless,
perchance, I fix them with a joke. I visit
every sick room in town; see nothing but long
faces and looks of agony; hear nothing but
moans and murmurings; feel nothing but pulses
and fevered brows; and then, when I
return to my home, what is there for me?
Nothing but my old landlady and a cold meal
of victuals. It's decidedly too bad. Jake
Tollman, you ought to have a wife!"

This last sentence came out with a sort of
forced effect, and the young doctor almost
shuddered at the thought; nor, under the cir-
cumstances, is it much to be wondered at. The
fact is, Dr. Tollman was a sort of tramping
card in L—, and many parents who had
marriageable daughters to dispose of were shuf-
fling in all sorts of ways to get him into their
hands. He saw this, and he could not help
feeling that if he attempted to get him a wife
among his acquaintances he might get "taken
in the net" of some scheming mother when he
least expected it. Innumerable were the cases
where he had been called to visit young ladies
who had the nervous headache, slight colds, or
something of that sort, when he knew that his
presence was only required that he might hear
their dotting mammas enumerate their daughter's
thousand virtues. Yet Jacob Tollman was not
the man to live a happy bachelor's life. He
longed for a home of his own; for a hearth-
stone over which his own big affections should
preside, and about which should cluster those
tender ties of sympathy and love that can only
exist beneath the genial influence of true con-
jugal felicity.

"There's Fidelia Barker," muttered the
doctor. "She's pretty, and may be rich; but
she's got a temper, and I have been here but
six weeks, and she has been here but six
weeks, and she has been here but six weeks."

By this dresses. Then there's Matilda Man-
falter—really good-looking—wants a husband,
but she's always got the nervous headache;
the night of a large (ly, or a spider, sets her
into hysterics. And there's—

At this juncture the door-bell rang violently,
and in a moment afterwards a ruddy-faced ser-
vant-girl poked her head in at the doctor's
door.

"Wants the doctor,"
"Then show him in,"
"It's a woman, sir,"
"A woman?" repeated Tollman.
"Yes, sir,"
"Then show her in."

"A woman out on such a night as this?"
continued the doctor, to himself, shivering as
the sound of the cold wind and pattering rain-
drops fell upon his ears. "Some sick husband,
I suppose. She must be an excellent wife."

His reverie was her cut short by the entrance
of the applicant, and he was not a little sur-
prised at her appearance. She could not have
been the rolling of more than nineteen years,
and though that length of time had developed
in her person a full degree of female loveli-
ness, yet she looked wan and pale, and her large
brilliant eyes seemed like jet-set diamonds in
a bust of alabaster. Her hair hung in flow-
ing masses over her shoulders, confined only
by a well-worn hood, and from its curling ends
the water was dripping in big drops. She did
not shiver, nor did she seem to be aware that
she was wet and cold.

"Is this the doctor?" she asked, in an ear-
nest but yet sweet and silvery voice.
"At your service," returned Tollman, for-
getting the wind and the rain in the sudden
interest he experienced from the sight of his
visitor.

"My mother, sir, is very sick," she said, in
a supplicating manner. "I know it is a dis-
agreeable night for you to go out; but unless
she can have assistance, I fear she will not
live."

"If Jacob Tollman dares not face a storm
that one like you can buffet, he would not de-
serve the name of man. Is it far from here?"
"You know the little cottage that stands in
the lane beyond the red mill?"

"Yes. The widow Lawrence lives there."
"That is the place, sir."
"Then you must be Lydia Lawrence?"
"That is my name," returned the girl, with
a slight courtesy.

"I have heard of your mother. Sit you
down by the fire, and I will be ready to ac-
company you in a moment."

Dr. Tollman had heard of Mrs. Lawrence
as an industrious widow, and as the mother of
a beautiful daughter, but further than that he
knew nothing of her, save that she never
mingled in society, and was scarcely ever seen
beyond the precincts of her humble home. It
took him but a few moments to put on his
boots and heavy coat, and then, taking his
small medicine-bags across his arm, he bade
the girl follow him. In the entry he took a
large umbrella, and then stepped out into the
street.

The young doctor hesitated a moment ere
he decided upon what he next should do. He,
of course, desired that his companion should
walk under the umbrella, but in order to do so
she would have to take his arm, and this was
to him a novel thing. He mustered up his
courage, however, and politely offered the
kind escort.

"I dare not trespass thus upon your kind-
ness," Lydia returned, with a faltering timidity.
Tollman caught the meaning of that tone
in a moment, and feeling assured that it indi-
cated the very fear the girl had expressed, he
laid aside his own timid reserve, and finally
prettily upon her to accept his proffered arm.
Her hand trembled in its new resting-place,
but she seemed thankful for his kindness, never-
theless. The doctor made no attempt at
conversation, for the management of his um-
brella was as much as he could attend to.

The widow's cottage was nearly a mile
distant from his own residence, but he reached
it at length, and was ushered into one of the
only two rooms that occupied the lower floor,
where he found Mrs. Lawrence upon a bed.

"He has come, dear mother," exclaimed
Lydia, as she hurried towards the couch.
"Then may God bless his kind heart!"
faintly murmured the sick woman, as she turned
heavily upon her side.

Dr. Tollman felt the patient's pulse. It
was somewhat hurried in its beatings, though
faint and irregular.

"Have you been long sick?" he asked, as
he sat down by her side, and placed his hand
over the region of her heart.

"Yes, for years," she returned.
"But how long since you have been con-
fined to your bed?"
"Three days."
The young doctor shook his head.
"Drugs will do you but little good," he
said.

"Your disease must be cured by your own
feelings—your own spirits. I can do some-
what to alleviate your pain, but you must drive
away the sorrow-stroke from your heart, if
you would recover. I tell you plainly that
your heart is already greatly enlarged, and it
cannot bear much more."

"Then I shall stay but little longer on
earth."
"Yes, yes; you may stay much longer—
What should weigh you down so? Confide
to me the tale of your grief."

There was something so kind in the manner
of the young man, and he seemed to feel so
much sympathy for her, that the sick woman
really felt a relief in telling to him her story.

"It is now twelve years since my husband
left me for a voyage to South America," she
commenced, "and from which he never return-
ed. After waiting a year without hearing any
intelligence of him, I cleaned to pick up a
paper, one day, in which I saw the name of
his ship mentioned. I sat down to read it, and
found that the vessel had been picked up on
the reefs outside of Trinidad, with her upper

works burned, and her whole cargo ransacked,
and the most valuable portion of it gone. She
had been attacked by pirates, the crew all
murdered, and then the vessel set on fire, but
in all probability a heavy storm must have ex-
tinguished the flames. Can you wonder, sir,
that such a shock should have left effects that
may never be effaced? But that was not all.
My husband had returned his all in the specu-
lation he was engaged in, and I was left desti-
tute. I could not beg; and though I desired
to work yet I could not always obtain it. At
length I moved to this place, and many a day
have I seen roll over the heads of myself and
child with not even a crumb of bread in the
house. During the summer months I have
supported myself by picking berries, most of
which I have exchanged with the old miller
for meal. But even poverty is not all. My
heart sinks beneath even a greater weight
than that."

The poor woman hesitated and gazed upon
her fair daughter.

"I know that I am going from this scene of
sorrow, and I must leave my child behind. It
is a dark and dangerous world, sir, for one like
her. She will have no father, nor mother, no
protectors, and no—"

"Hush, mother dear," urged Lydia, step-
ping lightly to the bedside. "You will not
leave me yet; and if you do, some kind hearts
will surely be found to give me protection."

"That they will," almost involuntarily ejac-
ulated the doctor, with more enthusiasm than
he was aware of. "This world is not so dark
as your fears would paint it. There are
thousands of bright spots yet beaming upon
its surface, and the great heart of humanity
yet throbs with much of kindness. You have
suffered, 'tis true, but O, how many are there
who have suffered far more! Has not God
blessed you a kind, true, and affectionate child,
and has he not allowed you, to live to see her
a blessing to you? Tell me, do you not pos-
sess that which all the wealth of the Indies
could not purchase in the honor of your daugh-
ter and yourself?"

"Yes, yes,—O yes!" cried the woman, as
the burning words of the doctor fell upon her
ears.

"Then try to feel more happy. It will do
you more good than all the medicine in the
world. You owe it to yourself and to your
child. You shall not want. I will leave such
portions as you need to-night, and I will call
again on the morrow with something to nourish
you."

"Your words and admonitions are just, sir,
and I will do what I can; but 'tis hard to
overcome the feelings and impulses of the
crushed heart."

Lydia Lawrence had remained standing by
the bed, but her eyes fell and her cheek flush-
ed as she heard the physician's words, for she
knew that his gaze was upon her. Yet she
felt not uneasy, for there was something in
what she heard that savored of an open-heart-
ed kindness that she seldom met with, and it
sent a thrill of joy to her soul.

"Doctor," said Mrs. Lawrence, as Toll-
man at length arose to depart, "it may be a
long time ere I can pay your services—per-
haps never; I should not have sent for you
to-night, but Lydia was determined to go."

"Speak not of that, madam. Let me be
the first to refer again to the subject of pay-
ment."

The doctor left such directions as he thought
necessary, and also such medicines as could be
of any service, and bidding the widow take
hope, he left the cottage. The rain still con-
tinued to fall, but Jacob Tollman heeded it
not, for his mind was too full of the scenes
that had passed and he was contemplating an
imaginary list of kindness that he was going
to perform for the widow. All this flowed
from the pure desire he held for doing good.
He was not selfish yet.

On the next day he called as he had promised,
and he had the gratification of finding Mrs.
Lawrence much better. She looked happier,
seemed more hopeful, and conversed with
much spirit.

Two days afterwards he called and found
his patient asleep. Her slumber was so sweet
and quiet that he would not awaken her, so he
sat down in the opposite room with Lydia,
with whom he entered into conversation.

Though her sphere of observation had not been
great, and though her means of literary at-
tainments had been limited, yet Tollman found
her mind well stored with useful knowledge;
and as he gradually drew her out from her
timid reserve, he discovered that she possessed
all those moral and social beauties of mind
that characterized her mother.

When Dr. Jacob Tollman left the cottage
that day, he had contracted a regular disease
of the heart; not such a one, perhaps, as had
prostrated Mrs. Lawrence, nor, indeed, one
that might have been deemed incurable; but,
nevertheless, there was much of palpitation in
that region, and he felt as he had never felt
before. That night he dreamed of the cottage
nymph, and the next morning he thought of
her as he ate his breakfast, and the more he
thought the more he became convinced that
he had never seen a female like her before.

Towards evening, having attended to such
patients as needed his advice, he stood at his
door revolving in his mind the expediency, or,
as he chose to term it, the necessity of visit-
ing Mrs. Lawrence; and he had made up his
mind to go, when a gentleman in a gig drove
furiously up to the gate and enquired for the
"doctor."

"Am the man," returned Tollman, stepping
down from the door.

"Then jump into my gig and go with me.
There's room enough for both of us."

"Unless the case is very urgent, you will
have to dispense with my services for the pre-
sent, for I was just going to fulfil a profes-
sional engagement," returned the doctor, not at
all liking the idea of being cheated out of his
intended visit, now that he had made up his
mind to go.

"The case is just such a case as must be
attended to immediately. No more words
than a man most dead; so take your instru-
ments and come along."

"But what is the case? I should like to
know what instrument to take."

The doctor at length made out that it might
be a contusion of the skull and broken limbs
both, so he prepared himself for either emer-
gency, and got into the man's gig. It was
an appeal he could not resist, but the circum-
stance opened his eyes a little wider to the
fact that he had been deprived of a great en-
joyment. His companion carried him some
four miles from the village; and when he
stopped, it was in front of a small inn, where
a few marketmen and farmers were in the habit
of congregating.

The doctor found his patient to be a middle-
aged man, who had been thrown from his
wagon, but though he was considerably bruised
and sprained, yet no bones were broken. Tol-
lman remained with the unfortunate man
until late in the evening; and when he return-
ed to his lodgings, it was altogether out of
season for his intended visit to Mrs. Lawrence.

TO BE CONTINUED.

COLONIAL.

Brown's Rectory Bill.

An Act to remove all doubts as to the nullity
of the Letters Patent intended to endow the
Rectories established in Upper Canada
with any portion of the lands called Clergy
Reserves.

Whereas the establishment and endow-
ment of certain Rectories in Upper Canada,
under color of the Act of the Parliament of
Great Britain, passed in the thirty-first year
of the Reign of King George the Third, and
intituled, "An Act to repeal certain parts
of an Act passed in the fourteenth year of
His Majesty's Reign, intituled 'An Act for
making more effectual provision for the
Government of the Province of Canada,
in North America,' and to make further
provision for the Government of the said
Province," has caused great and just dis-
satisfaction; And whereas it is expedient to
revoke all that has been done in the pre-
mises, and restore the land taken from the
public domain from the said purpose, to the
general use of all Her Majesty's subjects in
Upper Canada; Be it therefore enacted,
&c.

That the several Letters Patent passed
under the great seal of the Province of Up-
per Canada, whereby certain lands, former-
ly known as Clergy Reserves, were set
apart; or intended to be set apart, as endow-
ments to be held appurtenant to the Recto-
ries therein respectively mentioned, for the
use and benefit of Clergymen of the Church
of England, shall be and are hereby declared
to be and to have ever been null and void to
all intents and purposes whatsoever; And
the several lands described and set apart in
the said Letters Patent, as endowment as
aforesaid for the said Rectories, shall be
held to be vested in Her Majesty, Her
Heirs and Successors for ever, for the sup-
port of the Common Schools in Upper Cana-
da; Provided always, that the several
Rectors now legally in the possession of any
of the said lands under the said Letters Pa-
tent, shall respectively hold and enjoy the
same during their natural lives or incum-
berencies; And provided also, that the Gov-
ernor and consent of the Executive Council
thereof, in all cases where Churches or
Parsonages have been erected upon any of
the said lands, may in his discretion grant
and alienate for ever to the owner or own-
ers of such Churches or Parsonages respec-
tively, a quantity of the land on which
such Churches or Parsonages have been
built not exceeding five acres for each such
Church or Parsonage.

Prohibitory Liquor Bill now before Parlia-
ment.

1. It shall not be lawful for any person to
manufacture, barter, or sell directly or indirect-
ly, any alcoholic liquors, except for medicinal,
chemical, or mechanical purposes.

2. Penalty on any person, his clerk, servant,
or agent, who sells, or exposes or keeps for
sale or barter, any intoxicating liquor, £—
for the first offence, £— for a second or
subsequent offence, with imprisonment for six
months after the third conviction.

3. The clerk, servant or agent liable equal-
ly with the principal.

4. Any Justice, Reeve, Mayor, Police,
Magistrate, or Recorder, or Commissioner for
Small Causes, may hear the complaint.

5. Certiorari only on certain conditions.

6. If any three municipal electors make
oath that they believe liquor to be in any
carriage, house, or boat, search warrant may
be granted, and the owner of the liquor sum-
moned; and the liquor destroyed, with a fine of
£10.

7. If the owner is unknown, liquor to be
advised, and after some time destroyed, un-
less claimed.

8. Liquors may be searched for in boats
and tents, at fairs, the owner fined £5, and
article destroyed.

9. Any money paid for liquors to be held to
have been paid without consideration, and may
be recovered.

10. Municipal Councils may grant license
to manufacture for medicinal, chemical, and
mechanical purposes, under bond of £250.

11. Persons receiving a license may sell to
the agent of the municipality, and no other.

12. The municipality may appoint an agent
for the sale of liquors, who shall give a bond,
(clause 13.) for £200 for his faithful per-
formance of his duties.

14. No action for liquor unless sold as
under the provisions of the Act.

15. Person selling liquor to any one to be
liable for all results, whether negligence, care-
lessness, inadvertence, or default of any kind,
if the recipient become drunk from the liquor
sold.

16. Any person may sue the vendor of
liquor to a husband, wife, parent, child, guar-
dian, ward, apprentice, or servant of Plaintiff,
and not necessary to aver special damage, and
the damage assessed shall be no less than one
shilling, with special damages proved.

17. Upon trial, illegal allegation sufficient,
and proof of legality on defendant. Intoxi-
cated persons to be taken into custody, kept
until sober, and questioned as to where he
got the liquor. If he refuses to answer, to be
imprisoned until he does answer.

18. Witnesses to appear and give evidence
under a penalty of being sent to jail.

19. Magistrates, &c., to issue warrants,
&c., under a penalty of a £100, and losing
his office.

Such are the provisions of one of the bills
now before the House.—Com. Advertiser.

DEBATOR'S EXEMPTION BILL.—A Bill has
been introduced by Mr. Mackenzie of gen-
eral interest to the Province repealing all the
Acts exempting certain effects of debtors
from seizure, and establishing that from and
after the 1st January next, there shall be
exempted:—

1st. All spinning-wheels, weaving-loom,
and stoves, put up or kept for use in any
dwelling house.

2nd. The family bible, family pictures, and
school books used by or in the family of
such person; and books not exceeding in
value pounds, shillings, which are
kept and used as part of the family library.

3rd. A seat or pew occupied by such per-
son or his family in any house or place of
Public Worship.

4th. All sheep to the number of five, with
their fleeces, one cow, two swine, all neces-
sary pork, beef, fish, flour and vegetables
actually provided for the use of the family,
for thirty days.

5th. All necessary wearing apparel, beds,
bedsteads, and bedding for such person and
his family, and necessary cooking utensils.

6th. The tools and implements of any
mechanic, necessary to the carrying on of
his trade not exceeding pounds, shil

